

ADDRESS TO AULD SCOTLAND

By ROBERT ORR, Junior

My address to Auld Scotland, the place o' my birth,
To thy mountains and glens, to that fair spot on earth,
To the home o' my childhood on Carnock's clear stream,
Thy dear heather hills I aft see in my dream.

I see Cock-ma-lane that stands high on the moor,
Above auld Glengarnock, whose walls have endured
The storm wreck of ages, the moor's piercing wind,
And the river below dashing through Garret's Linn.

The sauch and the rowan tree nod to the blast,
As wave after wave is hurrying past,
And the mavis sings bonnie on hawthorne and birk,
Yes, weel I remember the auld parish kirk.

Oh, can I forget the hours I ha'e strayed,
And how aft on the stenners o' Carnock I've played,
And caught the wee guttles that darted alang,
And hunted for nests o' the robin and wren.

Paduffs wee burnie rins wimpling along,
Methinks I can hear that sweet murmuring song,
As down through the bank 'neath the Craigus 'twould steal
Where aft I hae watched the old water wheel.

I see the boss tree stand close to the knowe,
Whar bonnie sweet gowans 'inang sourocks would grow,
The loch wi' her cairn and plantation sae braw,
Are dear to me yet if they are far awa'.

There is nae a spot my heart can forget,
Whar in youth I hae strayed or freens I hae met:
On the green by the Mill where George and I ran,
And poued the wee gowan o' my native land.

Yes, I remember auld Scotia's green braes,
Ye blue bells and thistles I'll sing to your praise,
Your woods and your streams, where wild birdies sing,
And bring to the ear sweet notes o' the spring.

Kilbirnie the hame whar my forefathers sleep,
The hame o' my childhood across the blue deep,
Auld Scotia in tears I must bid you adieu,
I love you sae fondly, I'll still think of you.

In sorrow I must bid adieu to the past,
To the scenes I still love, for my lot it is cast
In a far foreign clime, in a land they ca' free,
But dearer by far is auld Scotia to me.

ADDRESSES TO SCOTLAND

By ROBERT ORR, Junior

My mother's to Auld Scotland, the place o' my birth,
To thy mountains and glens, to that fair spot on earth,
To the home o' my childhood as Carrick's clear stream,
Thy dear mother hills I aft see in my dream.

I see Loch-an-lane that stands high on the moor,
Above auld Clangarnock, whose walls have endured
Thy stormy wreck of ages, the moor's piercing wind,
And the river below dashing through Carrick's Linn.

The sand; and the rowan tree nod to the blast,
As wave after wave is hurrying past,
And the music sings hamma on hawthorne and birch;
Yea, weel I remember the auld parish kirk.

Oh, can I forget the haime I hae stayed,
And hoer a' in the stannars o' Carrick I've played,
And collected the wee gables that darterd along,
And hamma the nests o' the robin and wren.

Faduffs wee burnie rine wimpling along,
Methinks I can hear that sweet murmuring song,
As down through the bank 'neath the Craigue 'twould steal
Where aft I hae watched the old water wheel.

I see the hosa tree stand close to the knowe,
Whar bonnie sweet gowans 'nang sourocks would grow,
The loch wi' her cairn and plantation sae braw,
Are dear to me yet if they are far awa'.

There is nae a spot my heart can forget,
Whar in youth I hae stayed or freens I hae met:
On the green by the Mill where George and I ran,
And poued the wee gowan o' my native land.

Yes, I remember auld Scotia's green breast
Ye blue bells and thistles I'll sing to your praise,
Your woods and your streams, whar wild birds sing,
And bring to the ear sweet notes o' the spring.

Killrinie the haime whar my forefathers sleep,
The haime o' my childhood across the blue deep,
Auld Scotia in tears I must bid you adieu,
I love you sae fondly, I'll still think of you.

In sorrow I must bid adieu to the past,
To the scenes I still love, for my lot it is cast
In a far foreign clime, in a land they ca' free,
But dearer by far is auld Scotia to me.